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Volume 12

June, 1944

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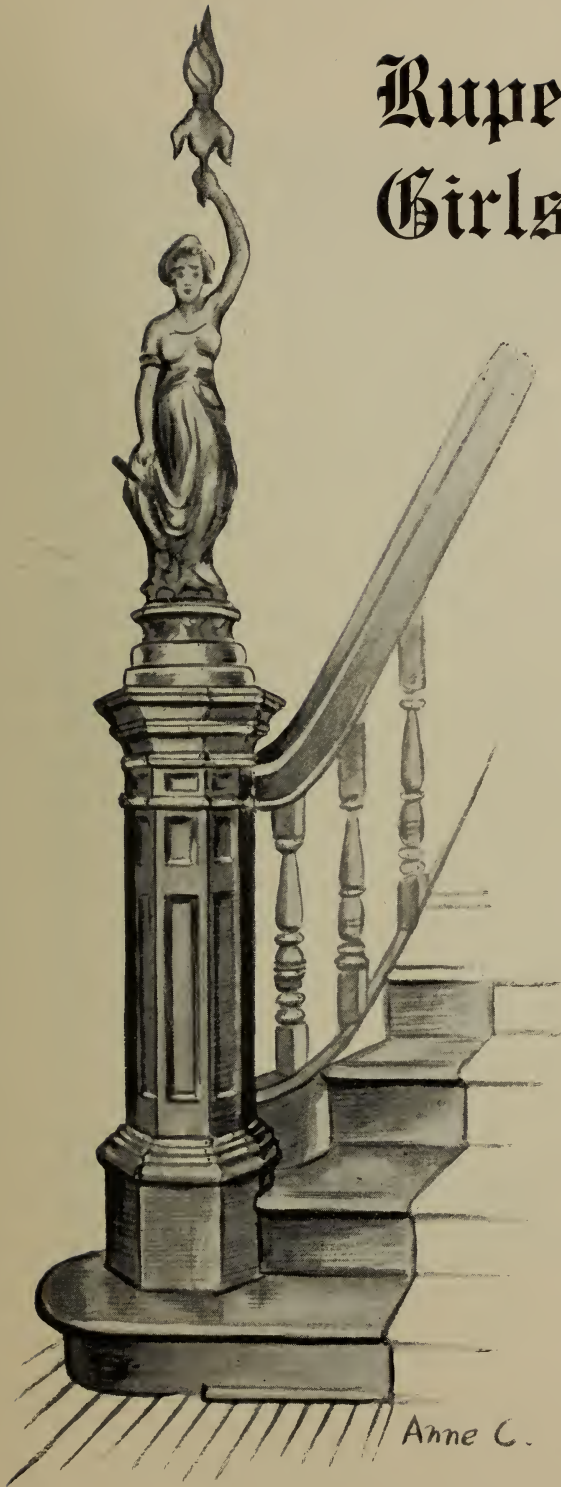
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Rupert's Land Girls' School.



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“The Eagle”
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Winnipeg, Man.

Volume 12
June 1944

Anne C.



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

—Photo by Karsh

MAGAZINE EXECUTIVE

T T

EDITORS Amy Best, Gertrude Eland, Patty Gladstone
BUSINESS MANAGERS Joyce Aitken, Evelyn Murray
HUMOUR Pat Chesshire, Sheila Smith
PHOTOGRAPHY Joanne Ruttan, Joan Sherman
ART Joyce Lamont

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Joyce Brandy	Pat McKnight
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Elspeth Young	Sheila Young

SCHOOL COUNCIL



SCHOOL COUNCIL

Back Row: Joyce Aitken, Sheila Smith, Jean Robison, Patty Gladstone, Amy Best.
Middle Row: Joanne Ruttan, Joan Sherman, Diana McDougall, Elizabeth Gemmill, Joyce Lamont.
Front Row: Margaret Spafford, Gertrude Eland (Head Girl), Pat Chesshire.

SCHOOL CALENDAR, 1943-44

- | | | | |
|----------|---|---|--|
| 1943 | Feb. 1. | Dr. Harding Priest read Prayers and gave an address. Rev. C. Landon was a guest at Prayers. | |
| Sept. 8. | School opened. | | |
| " 15. | Annual Old Girls' Prayers—Presentation of Honour Roll. | " 18. | Alumnae Association Dance. |
| " 23. | Talk on Junior Red Cross by Miss Ina M. Harris. | " 21. | Half-term Holiday. |
| Oct. 1. | Initiation Day. | Mar. 30. | Gymnastics Competition. |
| " 11. | Thanksgiving Day Holiday. | April 3. | Form Drill Competition—Visit from Miss Eva Hasell, of the Sunday School by Post. |
| Nov. 1. | All Saints' Day—Commemoration at St. John's College. | " 4. | End of Spring Term. |
| | | " 20. | Summer Term began. |
| Dec. 4. | Mission Tea. | May 17. | Music and Dancing Recital. |
| " 17. | Visit from Archbishop Sherman, who addressed the School at Prayers. | June 3. | Tea given by Alumnae for the graduates. |
| " 20. | Christmas Parties. | " 10. | Picnic given by Grade X for the graduates. |
| " 21. | End of Christmas Term. | " 11. | Rupert's Land Alumnae Association Service at Holy Trinity Church. |
| 1944. | | " 16. | Prize-giving and Dance for graduates. |
| Jan. 6. | Spring Term began. | | |
| " 28. | Alumnae Basketball Match. | | |

MISS BARTLETT'S LETTER

MY DEAR GIRLS:

THERE are two ideas which at this time are predominant in the minds of all democracies. The first is that victory must be won, that all our best efforts must be thrown into this stupendous task. Then, when that victory is an accomplished fact, we next have to face the even more exacting problems of life in the post-war world.

This is an age of advertisement, of slogans and catch phrases. "Put Victory First" and "Post-War Reconstruction" are words constantly in our ears. We all talk about them, we all think about them and have our own ideas about them. Groups everywhere, not only of experts but of ordinary people, are gathering together and discussing these problems. "Youth Also Plan" is yet another arresting headline used recently in connection with the Youth Conference. Now, arresting and forceful as these captions may be, there is a certain danger in them which we all would do well to recognize and determine to avoid. In our busy lives there is a tendency for us to think that when we have, as it were, labelled a thing, given it a title and have flung that title out on a banner, that is all we need do. Or perhaps, you younger people may feel that there is not much more that you *can* do. But will you look a little closer?

Behind that Victory Loan slogan, what do we find? A vast host of workers is there, from the Chairmen of the Federal, Provincial and District Committees right down to the canvassers who go to private homes, working through weeks and months in ceaseless, unrelaxed efforts, to carry the thing through. Otherwise it could not be done.

Side by side with this work, so essential to the achievement of victory, untiring research has been carried on, and is continuing, into the possibilities of fulfilling our hopes for that better world for which we long. There are very numerous schemes, and exhaustive studies are being made by our ablest men and women. Our own Provincial Government has a very comprehensive programme in hand, some thirty or more fields of study being under consideration. All this work can be accomplished only by men and women who are disciplined so that they can carry on through weariness and through difficulties to their ultimate goal.

And now what can youth do, what can *you* do? Obviously you are not fitted yet to conduct such research as I have hinted at. But you can think, you can watch for reports in the newspapers, you can strive to equip yourselves for the part you will be called upon to play in later days. And catch phrases and slogans alone will not help you to do that. It is for you to avail yourselves of all your opportunities at school, to acquire sound knowledge and above all to develop the kind of character that alone can turn knowledge to good account. And character is developed step by step; every least detail of behaviour is important; you may not think that anything you do does not matter. You have at all times a tremendous responsibility which you cannot escape, the responsibility of seeing that your influence is such that it does not hinder anyone near you. All high ideals, all great achievements are reached only as a result of painstaking effort and sustained hard work. So do not feel discouraged when you see such tremendous tasks ahead and feel that you are so inadequate for them. Be faithful in all the little things that make up your life, paying attention to detail, and with strength of purpose keeping your goal before you; in that way you will be able to win the greatest victory of all, the victory over self which will enable you to serve your generation as you would wish.

Yours affectionately,

ELSIE M. BARTLETT.



EDITORIAL

T T

DUE to the paper shortage, the War Time Prices and Trades Board has rationed the amount of paper used in our Year Book, so this year "The Eagle" is somewhat smaller than it has been in previous years—just slightly less than two-thirds the size of last year's issue.

We have managed to conserve space in our Candid Camera section, because the girls have experienced difficulty in obtaining films for their cameras. However, we have not allowed this most interesting feature of the magazine to fade away entirely, and you will find, this year, a one page Candid Camera section.

A new idea has been used with the pages devoted to graduates of Grades Eleven and Twelve, and we shall be interested to receive the reactions of our readers.

Last year in the centre of the magazine we published a group picture of the whole School, from Kindergarten to Grade Twelve. This allowed our readers to see the girls as a group, and also revealed the increasing number of girls in the School. This year we have reverted to the form pictures which are very popular with the girls, and which this year include the form teachers.

We are always very grateful for the continued support and effort of the Alumnae who do so much for the School that each year we look forward to reading their article. This year we have especially featured the Alumnae section, and you will notice art work by Anne Cunningham, a poem by Naomi Boulton, and a new recipe from Miss Katherine Middleton—which I am sure you will be eager to try.

We know that the publication of "The Eagle" is keenly anticipated by all who are interested in the affairs of Rupert's Land. Through its columns many have received their first impressions of the School, while those leaving invariably keep "The Eagle" as a treasured souvenir. Your Editorial Committee this year takes this opportunity to put forward the suggestion that an endeavour should be made each year to improve and increase reader interest. With this in mind, would it not be a good idea if, beginning next term, girls who have an opportunity to read the year books of other schools, make an analysis of the composition of such magazines, then report on features and articles which they consider outstanding? They might notice the average amount of space devoted to art, photography, sports, original work, the graduates, the quality of the paper used, the methods of arranging group and individual pictures. Let them next compare their findings with the arrangement of "The Eagle," and make their suggestions to the Editorial Committee. In this way, they will be able to contribute much to the improvement of our own School magazine. To accomplish this it will be necessary to start as soon as possible after the beginning of the next school year. Your Editorial Committee will, I know, be very grateful for any suggestions.

Our School activities have continued during the past year in their normal way. During this terrible war, we should be especially grateful that we are living in Canada, where we are privileged to continue our studies without interruption. We have all heard men and women, returning home to Canada, tell of their experiences in the occupied countries—schools bombed, books burned, teachers and students ill-treated, and so many lives lost. The aggressor nations have reason to fear the principles of Democracy and our methods of education. They know that from the time we are old enough to understand such things, we are taught the meaning of tolerance and respect.

Writing this editorial for "The Eagle" is a sad reminder to me that my final school year is fast drawing to a close, and memories and impressions come crowding

along. I have so often asked myself, "What is it that makes Rupert's Land mean so much to the girls?" There are many factors, of course, but chiefly I think it is because of the very real feeling of comradeship between the girls—from the tiniest tots in Kindergarten to the members of the Graduating Class. To them all it is a case of "All for one, one for all, and all for "Rupe". We find the staff so keenly interested in each girl as an individual. We know the long history and traditions associated with the School, and we know of the achievements of so many of its graduates. We meet so many daughters of graduates of days gone by. This all combines to create an atmosphere auguring well for the continued happiness, growth and success of Rupert's Land.

That I have been able to attend the School for so long is a privilege sincerely appreciated, and having had the very great honor of being your Head Girl has made this, my final year at Rupert's Land, the happiest yet.

I share with the other members of the Graduating Class their regret at having to leave the School, and would like to say how very grateful I am to the Staff, and to the girls, for their splendid co-operation. I am especially grateful to Miss Bartlett for her patience, understanding, and very willing guidance.

To the Graduating Class I wish the very best of luck in the future, and, as our paths divide, may we ever remember the School motto "Alta Petens."

GERTRUDE ELAND (Head Girl).



THE KINDERGARTEN
(Absent: Joanne Protheroe)

THE HEAD GIRL

ANOTHER school year is drawing to a close bringing not only restless thoughts of summer holidays, but also inevitable feelings of regret that once more there will be farewells to be said to those who are leaving us this June. This page is devoted to the girl whom we all know well, for as Head Girl during the past year, Gertrude Eland has been in close touch with us through all our school activities.

We cannot claim Gertrude as a native Manitoban, for she spent the first three years of her life in Victoria. Edmonton claimed her next for a short time, and then her family moved to Winnipeg;

a chubby little girl entered Grade V of R.L.S. in 1937, and Gertrude's school career really began. We may trace her through the pages of Dalton House records, becoming a Junior Lieutenant, School Prefect and finally this year House Captain and Head Girl, and filling all these positions most capably.

Although not particularly concerned with athletics, Gertrude is fond of tennis, has played on the volley-ball team for her House, and has proved a most reliable scorekeeper in inter-school basketball matches. She is fond of science, music and literature, and as Vice-President of the Literary Society has been a keen supporter of that club. Interest in the future policy of "The Eagle" and efficiency in handling this edition has been characteristic of her as co-editor.

Gertrude will probably take a course in Physiotherapy at Toronto University when she is old enough, and perhaps will fill in time profitably, after leaving school, studying operational work in Radio. We are sure that she will be successful in her career, for she has qualities of reliability, steadiness and thoroughness, with a quick response to suggestion. As our comrade in school she has shown much more than mere efficiency in carrying out her duties: she has revealed tact and sympathy, high principles, steadfastness of purpose, and always an intelligent loyalty which has put before her own interests, those of the school which she has loved and served.



GERTRUDE ELAND

S.L.L.T.



—By Anne Cunningham

ALUMNAE NOTES

GREETINGS to the Present Girls from the "Old Girls." Good luck to the 1944 graduates in their exams, and best wishes to you all for a good summer holiday.

KATHARINE E. ROBINSON (President).

Alumnae of R.L.S. have been busy in many fields, as individuals, in groups, and in the Alumnae Association. We're very proud of our forty alumnae who are active in the armed forces, and many others not in any particular uniform, but working hard at numerous war jobs.

Margaret Konantz (Mrs. Gordon, nee Margaret Rogers), to mention one of our most distinguished alumnae, has been doing such miraculous work in organizing volunteer work in Winnipeg, that she has been sent by the Dominion Government numerous times to other parts of Canada, to explain and encourage W.V.S. work, and was one of the four Canadian women sent to Britain this past winter for a three weeks' study of W.V.S. work there. Margaret was the guest speaker at our Annual Alumnae Luncheon in April, and she gave us an hilarious as well as informative account of her trip. Over there she met

Mrs. Geoffrey Barford (Christine Lyall), who is doing Y.M.C.A. canteen work, as well as her share of war-work being done by British housewives, and is a Justice of the Peace for her county; Enid Rogers has been driving a motor ambulance for the last four years, while Mrs. Andrew Grant (Betty Galt) is doing special war-work at Oxford, and Mary Harding is in the postal service at Canada House; Marion McDonald is doing canteen work in British Columbia House, as a member of the St. John's Ambulance Corps. Jean Machray Newman has returned from England with her eighteen-months-old daughter, and is at present staying with her mother. En route here she visited her sister, Ruth Arnold, in Montreal, and another sister, Mary Carey, in Ottawa. "Doug"—or to give her the very formal and impressive title she has earned—Flight Officer Frances Douglas, R.C.A.F. (W.D.), was appointed recently as the first Public Relations officer in Canada. Cheers for the Air Force!

Alumnae in the Armed Forces are: Laurel Bell, Ann Cameron, Janet Caruthers, Charlotte Counsell, Lois Cuff, Sheila Daniel, Frances Douglas, Sheila

Florance, Betty Foster, Betty Gardner, Peggy Grandy, Dorothy Grant, Dorothy Gregory, Sheila Hawkings, Marjorie Hazelwood, Ruth Hoskin, Shirley Jackson, Jeanne Johnson, Dorothy King, Dorothy Lawson, Mary Leggatt, Jean Machray, Phoebe Morris, Peggy Moss, Marion McDonald, Beatrice Nixon, Barbara Northwood, Evangeline Noton, Lois O'Grady, Polly Ormond, Frances Parker, Eleanor Riley, Anne Rowland, Jean Sellers, Corinne Smith, Marjory Spence, Madeline Taylor, Maude Walter, Marjorie Weiss, Maryon Weiss, Ruth Wells, Katherine Young.

The annual basketball match between old and present girls was held at the school in January, and was won by First Team Present Girls and Second Team Old Girls (but we must confess that the Old Girls' team were largely very recent alumnae!).

The dance, held in February at the school, netted us \$104.18, which is set aside for one of our scholarships. Congratulations are in order to the committee, who worked like beavers to put it over with a bang—and did! The younger alumnae were particularly ardent workers, and under the chairmanship of Barbara Hamon Aldous did a very fine job.

This year the executive and a few other alumnae will entertain the graduates at tea, as we did last year. This happy, informal war-party will take place on June 3rd, at the University Women's Club.

The annual church service, to which all present and old girls are invited, is to be held Sunday, June 11th, at Holy Trinity Church, through the courtesy of the Rev. Terence Finlay, and we have invited Canon Pierce of St. John's College to preach the sermon.

MARRIAGES—To mention but a few:

Anne Goodeve to Lieut. Gerald R. Wood, R.C.N.V.R.
 Sheila de C. O'Grady to S/L William H. Riley, R.C.A.F.
 Lois Dalgleish to P/O J. E. Morley, R.A.F. Ferry Command.
 Phyllis (Tim) Hutchins, to Sub-Lieut. William E. Moore, R.C.N.V.R.
 Elizabeth G. Foster to S/L Hugh C. G. Wilcox, R.A.F.
 Enid R. Hoover to F/O Cyril John Day, R.A.F.
 Margaret Moorhouse to Lieut. A. G. Joy, R.C.N.V.R.
 Barbara Sellers to Capt. B. Dickson.
 Kathryn Milner to Andrew A. Lauder.
 Janet Wilson to Lieut. Ian McDonald.

BIRTHS:

To Lieut. and Mrs. E. B. Ritchie (nee Stephanie Richards), a daughter.
 To Lieut. and Mrs. T. M. Dickson (nee Julia Adamson), a son.
 To Capt. and Mrs. K. S. Auer (nee Evelyn Rogers), a son.
 To Lieut. and Mrs. J. H. Restall (nee Verna MacGregor), a daughter.
 To Lieut. and Mrs. J. S. Rogers (nee Betty Potter), a daughter.
 To Mr. and Mrs. S. Mason (nee Nan Taylor), a son.

EXECUTIVE MEMBERS:

Executive Members this year have been:
 Hon. President, Miss Elsie Bartlett;
 President, Katharine Robinson; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Guy Simonds, Laura Agnew, Mary Carmichael; Treasurer, Frances Hunt; Secretary, Mrs. A. T. Hawley (Becky Bower); Advisory Board, Katherine Middleton, Mrs. K. Wintemute (Eleanor Montague), Mary Campbell, Joan Adamson, Mrs. S. P. Gemmill, Mrs. Phipps Baker, Mrs. A. T. Cameron, Molly McClure, Mary Doris Le Roy, Anne Cunningham and Margaret Tomkins.

ALUMNAE SUCCESSES

at Manitoba University
 1944

B.A. Honors—

Leslie Florance

B.A. General Course—

Sheila Coupar (as at November, 1943)
 Beverley McVicar

B.Sc. General Course—

Ruth Fryer
 Jean Woodman

B.Sc. Home Economics—

Mary Carmichael
 Joyce Coulson
 Margaret Glover
 Elizabeth Goulding
 Nancy Keyes
 Pat Parrish

Certificate in Public Health Nursing—

Helen Houston

Queen's University—

Helen Martin has completed the Medical Technician's Course

HELLO, girls! Look at that date below! It's twenty years since I left R.L.S. But it doesn't seem that long when I look back. And now—Mary Carmichael, class of '38, is working for me for a while before she goes to Toronto for a year's post-graduate work in commercial dietetics. Who knows? Perhaps one of You will be working with me some day—perhaps even doing my work! Stranger things have happened!

Gertrude Eland, who is the twentieth head girl, just as I was the first one, has asked me to give you my favorite recipe. That's a very tall order, for I've so many favorite recipes they would much more than fill this whole magazine! So I put on my thinking cap, and presently—out came this suggestion for a menu in the black, white and yellow theme, along with a recipe. Here they are:

R.L.S. MENU

Cream of Corn Soup
Whole Wheat Straws
Special R.L.S. Salad
Vitamin B Brown or White Bread
Butter
Whipped Lemon Jelly
(with grated chocolate garnish)
R.L.S. Shield Cookies
Milk Tea or Coffee

The Salad

Line salad plates with crisp leaf lettuce; arrange row of sliced hard-cooked egg across it, garnished with slices of ripe olives; to one side place carrot sticks and celery curls; serve with boiled dressing.

The Dessert

Lemon Jelly. When partially set, whip with Dover egg beater until light and fluffy; pile in dessert glasses, and garnish top with grated chocolate; chill, and serve with milk or cream.

R.L.S. Shield Cookies

1 cup of lard or shortening.
1 cup of granulated sugar.
2 eggs.
1 teaspoon of vanilla.
 $\frac{1}{8}$ cup of milk.
 $\frac{4}{4}$ cups of sifted Vitamin B white flour.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt.
3 teaspoons of baking powder.

If desired use half butter, and half lard or shortening. Cream fat until it is of the consistency of whipped cream. Add sugar gradually, blending it thoroughly.

Beat eggs until light, add to mixture, and blend. Add vanilla and milk and blend well. Sift flour, measure it, mix and sift flour, salt and baking powder twice. Add to mixture gradually, blending in well. Wrap in wax paper, and chill in ice box for at least two hours. Roll on lightly floured board to $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thickness. Cut into shields (using cardboard shield as a pattern) and place on greased cookie sheet. Sprinkle with grated chocolate, and bake in a hot oven (400 degrees) for about 10 minutes. Garnish with initials R.L.S. across cookies made with yellow butter or confectioners' icing piped through an icing tube.

KATHERINE MIDDLETON,

Class of '24.

P.S.—Happy holiday!

WRAITHS OF THE DUSK

I am not alone.
Beings flow around me
Pulling at the silence
Swaying with the trees
Balancing slowly, gravely, in the wind,
Unseen, unheard—
But felt in the slumbering hidden
Paths of the mind.
There they silently dance and swirl,
Shedding a glinting twilight on the darkness
Of my groping heart.

But someone shouts to me from the house
And they vanish;
The glimmering wraiths from other worlds
Are lost. . . .
My heart is dark again,
Alone, cold once more
As I return.

NAOMI BOULTON,

Class of 1943.

A lady at college, named Breeze,
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s,
Collapsed with the strain,
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain,
You are killing yourself by degrees!"

Nancy riding on a horse,
'Gainst the ground was thrown with force,
Later by the pale cold moon,
We picked up Nancy with a spoon.

Error? Robert Louis Stevenson got married and went on his honeymoon. It was then he wrote "Travels with a Donkey."

HOUSE NOTES

MATHESON HOUSE

PRESIDENT AND ASSOCIATE.....Miss Sharman
and Miss Speers
CAPTAIN Margaret Spafford
PREFECTS Joyce Lamont, Joan Sherman
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN Sheila Smith
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN Donna Baker
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS Jeanne Beatty,
Cynthia McDonald
SECRETARY Evelyn Lawrence



THE year began with a picnic at River Park to welcome the new girls, and Miss Speers and Miss Punter, and to say goodbye to Miss Eldred, who left us to be President of Machray House. The Treasure Hunt, cleverly planned by Joan and Sheila, was good fun. After supper was over, Joyce presented Miss Eldred with a School ring on behalf of the House, and expressed our appreciation of all she had done for us and our regret at losing her. We were sorry, too, to lose Miss Punter at Christmas.

Again, for the Mission Tea, Matheson shared the dining room with Dalton, where flowers, candles and a variety of dainties, the work of the artistic efforts of the committee, made the table attractive. Thanks are due to the mothers who poured, and to the other kind friends whose help made our Mission effort a success.

In Sports our teams are working hard. The results so far are third place in volley-ball. Deck tennis and tennis are not decided yet.

As we near the end of the school year we express our thanks to Miss Sharman and Miss Speers for their help, and to Margaret and her Executive for their efforts. We resolve again to improve in conduct, in sports and in work. To Sheila, who returned from Ottawa, sharing the Dominion Junior Pairs Championship, our special congratulations. To the Mathesons in uniform, in the W.R.C.N.S., Phoebe Morris, Laurel Bell, Lois Cuff, Sheila Hawkings and Dorothy King; the C.W. A.C., Jean Sellers; the R.C.A.F., W.D.,

Jeanne Johnson, greetings and good wishes, and to our graduates this year the best of luck in their new vocations!

EVELYN LAWRENCE,
(Secretary-Treasurer).

MACHRAY HOUSE

PRESIDENT Miss Eldred
ASSOCIATE Miss Smith
CAPTAIN Pat Chesshire
SENIOR PREFECTS Joanne Ruttan,
Elizabeth Gemmill
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS ... Martha Grimble,
Betty Hurst
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.....Barbara Copeland
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN Miriam Baker
SECRETARY-TREASURER Joan Arnold



WHEN school re-opened last September, we found some of our old girls had left, but we welcomed with pleasure the many new girls who have successfully filled their places.

1943-44 has been particularly lucky, as we have been most fortunate in having Miss Eldred as our President. However, it was with regret that Machray bade farewell to Miss Gordon, who left us for special war work.

Machray and Jones House combined to make a large amount at the annual Mission Tea, held December 4, in the Assembly Hall. All the girls showed their enthusiasm and were co-operative in performing their various duties.

Machray House has stood first in work all year, and while our conduct and sports have pulled us down, we managed to maintain the position of third and second in Christmas and Easter Terms respectively. We have great hopes with regard to the tennis and deck tennis matches to be played in the Summer term.

At the end of another happy year I would like, on behalf of the girls of Machray House, to thank Miss Eldred, Miss Smith and Pat Chesshire for the help they have given the House this year, and to bid farewell to the graduates, with our

best wishes for their future happiness, and to wish Machray House the best of luck in the coming year.

JOAN ARNOLD,
(Secretary-Treasurer).

JONES HOUSE

PRESIDENT Miss Bussell
HOUSE CAPTAIN Diana McDougall
PREFECTS Jean Robison,
Patricia Gladstone
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN Evelyn Murray
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.... Margaret Killick
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS Betty Baker,
Natalie Bate
SECRETARY-TREASURER Ruth Stiles



THIS year has been a very even and pleasant one for Jones House, and nothing exceptional has happened.

We were very sorry at Christmas to say farewell to Miss Kent, who was only with us for one term, but we are looking forward to welcoming new associates to the House when we re-assemble next September.

In spite of the epidemic of 'flu at the time of the Mission Tea, the attendance was remarkably good, and Jones and Machray realized a considerable sum from their tables in the Assembly Hall.

The sports results were third place in basketball, second in volleyball; tennis and deck-tennis have yet to be played. Our conduct and work marks might have been higher, but in the remaining six weeks we shall try to bring our third place to second.

I wish to thank the President, Miss Bussell, and our House Captain, Diana McDougall, for their continued interest in our activities.

RUTH STILES,
(Secretary-Treasurer).

DALTON HOUSE

PRESIDENT Miss Turner
ASSOCIATES Mrs. Purdie, Miss Newton
CAPTAIN Gertrude Eland
HOUSE PREFECTS Amy Best,
Joyce Aitken
JUNIOR LIEUTENANTS Mary Bennett,
Louise Pellenz
SENIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN.... Daphne Goulding
JUNIOR SPORTS CAPTAIN June Sinden
SECRETARY-TREASURER Shelagh Fisher



UNDER our capable Captain, Gertrude Eland (also the Heal Girl), Dalton House has had a very successful year.

A Dalton House party was held on November 5th, and the girls were in pairs sharing sandwiches and cookies. An amusing play about life in the 17th century was put on by Daphne Goulding, June Sinden, Amy Best and Joyce Aitken. Interesting games were arranged and everyone enjoyed herself.

As planned, the Silver Tea for the Mission in India was held on December 4th. Again Matheson and Dalton shared the dining-room. The table was decorated with blue and silver streamers and a centre-piece of yellow chrysanthemums. Mrs. Purdie made a chocolate cake, and \$7.85 was made by raffling it. Dalton and Matheson made \$75.00 between them, by contributions from the guests.

In sports, Dalton came first in volleyball, senior and intermediate, and in basketball. Conduct has been good, but work could be improved. Deck tennis and tennis have not been played yet, but Dalton is proud of her achievements.

On behalf of the House, I wish to thank Miss Turner, Mrs. Purdie and Miss Newton and Gertrude, as well as the other House officials, for their work this year. I wish the best of luck to the girls of Dalton House who are leaving in June, and to all other members who will be returning next year.

SHELAGH FISHER,
(Secretary-Treasurer)

MISSIONS

AS it has for many years in the past, the School again raised money for the carrying on of mission work in Canada and India. By the Annual Mission Tea, held on December 4th, we raised \$160.06 for the support of missionary work. One hundred dollars of this was sent to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, through which organization part of the money is sent to support a baby in the Eva L. Jones Memorial Cot at the Canada Hospi-

tal (the only Canada Hospital in India). Part goes to support an Indian girl at the Kangra Mission Girls' School, and part to help pay the salary of a teacher at the school.

Of the rest of the money raised by the tea, twenty-five dollars were given to support the work of the Sunday School by Post. This money is used to buy supplies of much-needed material which is mailed

or taken to families whose only knowledge of, and communication with Christianity is derived from information given them by workers in this mission. At the end of the Easter term Miss Hasell came and spoke to us.

The remaining \$35.06 will be used for home missionary needs which arise during the year. The usual bundle of trinkets and pictures was sent from School to

serve as Christmas presents for little Indian children at Kamsack, Saskatchewan.

The missionary effort is well worth supporting, and because of the competent and eager manner in which the girls worked to make this year's Mission Tea a success, I am confident that the girls of Rupert's Land will continue to aid in the work being done in Canada and India.

AMY BEST.



GIVEN TO OLUSH UNDEN.

—By Pat Cheshire

THE SCHOOL'S WAR EFFORT

Report of Junior Red Cross Society Work, September, 1943 — May, 1944

THE individual branches of the Junior Red Cross have been very active this past year, judging by the money raised and the garments knitted. Nearly every grade in the School has made an effort to raise some money to go to the Red Cross, as well as doing their share of knitting.

Grades I and II have a bank in their classroom where all their spare pennies go, and this is given to the Red Cross. The children are learning to knit, so that when they reach Grades III and IV they will be able to make useful things needed so much to help win the war.

Grades III and IV have been working hard collecting silver paper, and making an artistically designed afghan. Besides this, they made a large scrapbook for children.

Grades V and VI held two raffles, one for a chocolate block and one for a cake, which raised approximately \$26.00. They also made \$2.83 from a fish pond and \$2.27 on a raffle of a fretwork stringer. Their profits were divided between the Russian Relief, the Crippled Children's Fund and the Copper Trail. A large bundle of clothing was donated to the Greek Relief, and washcloths, scarves, socks, gloves, baby garments and one turtleneck sweater were knitted by pupils of Grades V and VI.

This year Grade VII have been concentrating on their knitting and have made six washcloths, several baby bonnets, booties, and some baby squares. Their raffle of a doll dressed in School uniform brought in the splendid sum of \$21.00. The room has been divided into two groups—the "Eagles" and the "Ravens"—for competition in buying War Savings Stamps.

Grade VIII had a very original idea of raising money. They raffled three baby rabbits, making \$10.00. Knitted garments including washcloths, scarves, a sleeveless sweater and an afghan were made during the year. In the Easter term a class newspaper was printed, and \$7.00 profit was obtained.

A popcorn sale netted \$10.25 for Grade IX at the beginning of the year. They have knitted nine washcloths, three navy scarves, army socks and some baby garments.

The activities of Grade X have been many this year, 1943-44. A successful raffle on a doll's house was held during the Christmas term, making \$11.40. A variety show was presented in March, which, much to the surprise of the girls, netted \$20.00. Ten dollars was given to the Chinese Children's War Relief, and \$20.00 was given to the Prisoners of War

Fund. Meetings were held regularly each week, and many garments were knitted during this time. A big afghan was made, and lined with white flannelette. Seventeen washcloths, six scarves, two sweaters, a pair of socks and a turtle-neck tuck-in have all been made by Grade X.

Grade XI have made some baby night-gowns and some diapers. Grade XII has

knitted enough squares to complete an afghan.

BETTY BAKER.

WAR SAVINGS

From April, 1943, to April, 1944, \$841.00 was invested in War Savings by the girls of the School.



—By Pat Chesshire

SPORTS, 1943-44

THIS season of 1943-44 has been a very active one in Sports for the girls of Rupert's Land. Although Miss Faraday was away part of the time, Mrs. Kobold came to help us and we all thank her very much for her kindness.

TENNIS

Last Summer Term, owing to rain, the House tennis matches had to be left out. However, the Senior Tournament was held, and won by Phyllis Goulding, with Anne Duffin as runner-up.

BASKETBALL

This year, as always, the girls of the basketball teams have shown great enthusiasm. The games against St. Mary's Academy and Riverbend have not been as successful as other years, but the spirit and enjoyment have been the same. The results are as follows:

First Team—

Friday, Nov. 12th, vs. St. Mary's (away)
—lost 12-35.

Friday, Nov. 26th, vs. Riverbend (home)
—won 25-14.

Friday, March 3rd, vs. Riverbend (away)
—lost 12-22.

Friday, March 10th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 19-31.

Second Team—

Friday, Nov. 12th, vs St. Mary's (away)
—lost 6-34.

Friday, Nov. 26th, vs. Riverbend (home)
—won 14-13.

Friday, March 3rd, vs. Riverbend (away)
—won 4-2.

Friday, March 10th, vs. St. Mary's (home)—lost 14-20.



FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM

Third Team—

Friday, Jan. 21st, vs. St. Mary's (away)
—lost 10-14.

Friday, Feb. 4th, vs. Riverbend (away)
—won 6-4.

Friday, Feb. 11th, vs. St. Mary's (home)
—lost 11-16.

Friday, Feb. 25th, vs. Riverbend (home)
won 33-13.

Junior Team—

Friday, Jan. 21st., vs. St. Mary's (away)
—lost 14-21.

Friday, Feb. 4th, vs. Riverbend (away)
—lost 5-18.

Friday, Feb. 11th, vs. St. Mary's (home)
—lost 19-22.

Friday, Feb. 25th, vs. Riverbend (home)
—lost 14-27.

On Friday evening, January 28th, the annual Old Girls game for the Clark Cup was played. After a very strenuous game the First Team won 9—5, but the Second Team, although they played a hard game, lost 6—40.

The final game for the Inter-Form Basketball was played between Grades X and XI. After one of the most spectacular

The Cups will be presented at the annual Prize-Giving on June 16th.

PHYSICAL TRAINING COMPETITION

On Monday evening, April 3rd, the Physical Training Competition was held, with Miss Forsythe and Mrs. McKay as judges.



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

games of the year, and an overtime, Grade X won the title, 14—12.

Dalton won the House Basketball this year, obtaining 23 points.

VOLLEYBALL

This year, as there was no House Badminton, there were two Volleyball teams instead of one: the Middle School Team, which had girls from Grades VII to IX, and the Senior Team. Everyone enjoyed both teams' games. Dalton came top in the Senior School with 94 points, and in the Middle School with 84 points.

THE GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

On Thursday, March 30th, the Gymnastics Competition was held, with Miss Forsythe and Mrs. Lawrence as judges. The results given out at the Physical Training Competition were:

Senior Cup—Sheila Smith.

Intermediate Cup—Barbara Copeland,

Shelagh McKnight (tied).

Junior Cup—Joan Everett.

Midget Cup—Roberta Gray.

Grades I and II—Elizabeth Gill.



THIRD BASKETBALL TEAM

(Absent: Martha Grimble)

However, this was also a display, as parents and friends came to watch. The competition was won by Grades V and VI, who had a great deal of co-ordination in their movements of exercises and marching. Results:

1. Grades V and VI—82.25.
2. Grades XI and XII—80.75.
3. Grade IX—79.75.
4. Grades VII and VIII—78.25.
5. Grade X—78.00.
6. Grades III and IV—74.25.



JUNIOR TEAM

TENIKOIT

The girls are all looking forward very much to this game, which will be played during the Summer Term.

The House matches this year have shown keen competition, with Dalton coming first, having 201 points.

SHEILA SMITH,
(Sports Captain).

THE NINTH COMPANY GIRL GUIDES

A GAIN, as usual, the Guides have had a successful and enjoyable year. Many new recruits were enrolled, and now we have some second class badges on the way.

During the year we were very fortunate in having as our Captain, Mrs. Gostling, an old girl of our School, and for a while, Miss Pat Chown, as our Lieutenant. However, as she was unable to carry on, Betty Baker took over.

This year, as last year, we again played the part of Santa Claus by collecting old and new toys from the neighborhood. As our war effort, we have been busy knitting squares for an afghan, and although it is not finished, it is well on the way.

The Guides spent a very enjoyable afternoon in Brownie Land, telling the world-wide story of Guides. After singing and talking, the Brownies gave us a lovely surprise of cake and ice cream, which all ate heartily. Thank you, Brownies; it was lots of fun.

Our best Patrol, the Red Rose, went to the district meeting to compete for the District Cup, and although they did not come first, we are very proud of them. Congratulations, Red Rose Patrol! Keep it up!

We have all enjoyed this year of Guides very much, and we all join in thanking very sincerely those who have helped us so much. Happy holidays, everyone!

DOREEN GIBSON.

BROWNIE LAND

"Something magic, something new,
Something magic, something true,
Singing in plenty, a story to tell,
Something to make you healthy and well."

THIS magic formula for a Brownie meeting has proved fun. We have four Brownies working for their Golden Hand Badge, and fourteen studying hard for their Golden Bar Badge.

On Thinking Day, 22nd February, we had Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Centre Div. Comm., and the Guides of the 9th Co., as guests.

The Brownies enjoyed working for the Brownie Singing Competition, and are determined "to do better next time."

Twenty-two Brownies attended Church Parade on Sunday, 23rd April—all very happy to have Mrs. Purdie, in uniform, with them.

We are growing, and we look forward to greater things in 1944-1945.

"Where we have been no one can find,
For not a thing we leave behind;
Only those we've helped today
Know a Brownie's been this way."

F. D. OLIVER,
Brown Owl.



THE FISHERMAN

Found on an English examination paper:
Caesar, stabbed with many wounds felt them not. His chief wound was that of seeing his friend Brutus among the traitors and so, dying, he gasped out the words: "Tee Hee, Brute."

DANCING, MUSIC, AND ART

DANCING

THIS year the dancing group, consisting of thirty-two girls, was divided into three classes, Junior, Intermediate and Senior. All classes concentrated on Greek technique for the first part of the year, but this term, despite measles and chickenpox, the Seniors have mastered an athletic dance and a colorful scarf dance. A technical practice and a lyric dance are the particular pride of the Intermediates, while the Juniors' repertoire boasts a class-work display and an interpretative fire-fly dance. Less tenseness of movement and more sympathy with the music than at the beginning of the year is noticeable in every class, and we are all looking forward to proving this at our performance at the Dancing and Music Festival on the 17th of May.

JUNE SINDEN.

MUSIC

DURING the past year the piano department, under Miss Jackson, was augmented by two new teachers, owing to the large number of pupils who registered for lessons. These teachers are Miss Gwendda Owen Davies and Miss Marjorie Dillabough. Mr. Hubble has continued his fine work with the Senior Singing Class, and Miss Frances Davidson has taken the Middle School and Junior Singing Classes, as well as teaching the Manitoba School requirements in music in the Lower School.

Our activities during the year have been varied and many. We have had several studio club meetings, at which most of the students have performed. The Annual Recital takes place on May 17th. During the year a few of the senior students played at the Registered Music Teachers' Association Recitals, held in the Music and Arts Building. Some pupils took part in The Manitoba Musical Festival, and received very good adjudications. This year some of the senior girls have played the

piano for morning and evening prayers, which has been excellent experience for them.

Many students have been prepared for examinations in piano, history and theory, for the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Manitoba Music Department, and the London Royal Schools of Music. In view of last year's excellent results we are hoping for good success this June. Our thanks are due to all the teachers who have done such fine work.

JEANNE BEATTY.



—By J. Wallace

ART

THE Senior Art Class has progressed very favorably this past year, under Mrs. Edwards' extremely helpful supervision. This class has dabbled in pottery, basket-weaving, and loom-weaving. The class has unanimously been interested in handicrafts.

In the Junior Art Class, the pupils have derived a great deal of enjoyment and benefit from drawing their class-mates in various poses. The members of this group have begun to experiment with clay, most of their time at the present being taken up with reproducing the budding leaves and flowers, which the pupils enthusiastically bring to class for this purpose.

We want to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Edwards for the time she has devoted so patiently to us.

JOYCE LAMONT.

THE LIBRARY



SINCE the departure of Miss Kennedy, a trained and experienced librarian, who kept our books in splendid order and trained a capable staff of young helpers, the Library has undoubtedly suffered from

lack of skilled attention, and we have this year faced the fact that a thorough reorganization is needed. This involves weeding out books which have lost their value and those which have become too

tattered to bear further repair, as well as replacing and supplementing our stock, extending the scope of the Library, and re-cataloguing it effectively. Through small yearly grants from School funds, as well as by occasional gifts from friends, books have been added from time to time, but a much more thorough tackling of the job of providing a thoroughly up-to-date Library lies before us.

Often have we sighed for more table space to enable a larger number of girls to use the Library at the same time; much have we longed for an extended range of books of reference and fiction to meet more adequately the readers' demands; most of all have we deplored the fact that crowded syllabuses make it impossible for the most ardent reader (pupil or teacher) to find time for adequate supplementary reading. This last, at present beyond our jurisdiction, promises to be helped by the suggested extension of the high school course; we do not at present see our way to overcoming our first drawback, but concerning the second we can do much.

Thanks to generous gifts of money from the fathers of two of our present students, and timely offers of help from the General

Board of the School and the Alumnae Association, plans are now afoot to make substantial improvements in the Library. Under the chairmanship of Mrs. R. E. Lee, a committee has been formed, consisting of Miss Pamela Hutchins, Miss Sylvia Turner and Mr. R. H. G. Bonnycastle, to investigate the matter. It is hoped that when School reopens next September, there will be tangible evidence of the work of this committee.

A list of books needed in the Library will be kept on file at the School, and those who feel drawn to helping us can do so in no more valuable way than by contributing one or more of these volumes. Surely many who read these lines can look back on school days, when by opening the pages of a book and turning the leaves, a new world of imagination and fact was discovered. If we can give our young people a knowledge of how to handle books and a friendly and self-reliant familiarity with a well-stocked library, we are going to send them out into the world—not educated, but well launched into the process of education, and with resources of happiness which will last them for a lifetime.

S. LL. T.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

HONORARY PRESIDENT Miss Bartlett
 PRESIDENT Miss Turner
 VICE-PRESIDENT Gertrude Eland
 SECRETARY Patty Gladstone
 TREASURER Amy Best
 SOCIAL CONVENER Pat Chesshire



THIS has been a successful year for the Literary Society, although our membership has been lower than usual, being thirty-one.

Ten meetings have been held, five of which took place during the Christmas Term. These included a programme based on "The Story of San Michele," by Axel Munthe, given by Amy Best and Patty Gladstone; a discussion of Antoine de Saint Exupery's great work, "Wind, Sand and Stars," prepared by Jean Robison and Joyce Aitken; a visit from Miss McCance, who talked enthusiastically on Basic English; and a mock trial, "The Crown vs. Alice Hopkins," presented at an open meeting in the Assembly Hall by members of the Club, under the direction of Miss Turner who wrote the script.

The first meeting of our second school term was taken by Miss Turner, who read us an abridged version of "The Countess Cathleen," by W. B. Yeats. The following meetings were taken up by a discussion of "Lassie, Come Home," given by Diana McDougall and Ruth Stiles; a talk on James Hilton's stirring "Lost Horizon," by Pat Chesshire and Elizabeth Gemmill; a literary competition, prepared by the Club Executive; and for our own final meeting, a most enjoyable visit from Miss K. Parker, who read us the fine poem, "For the Fallen," by Lawrence Binyon, and also "Brief Candles," by the same author.

The Executive wishes to thank all those who have contributed to the Club's success by their co-operation and effort, and especially do we wish to thank Miss Turner for all her help and encouragement, and for the time and work she has devoted to our interests. We would also like to offer our sincerest good wishes to Club members and wish them every success in the future.

PATRICIA GLADSTONE,
 (Secretary).

INITIATION DAY



—By Evelyn Lawrence

UPON the morning of October 1st, a strange, uncomfortable (?) feeling stirred the usual sleepiness, as the initiates of "Rupe" awoke in an uneasy frame of mind. Soon the flaxen curls vanished and apparitions in a dozen clothes-pegged braids appeared; with shoe laces tied together, these freaks could be seen ducking out of the harmless (?) way of well-meaning (?) old girls.

Never will they forget the humiliating experiences of climbing stairs in the most extraordinary fashions, going through the mill escorted by their closest friends, carrying their dollies and teddy bears; bunny-hopping and rolling peanuts with their noses, all added to the excitement of the first part of our Initiation Day.

Old girls and their friends were entertained by "Bingling, Bungling and Bunkum's Circus," for the first time in the history of Rupert's Land, and it was a great success.

The bugle blasted, the crowd grew tense, as in burst a jovial group of acrobats,

who immediately threw themselves on the floor, showing off their talents by standing on their heads, throwing wads of paper around the room, doing the splits and sliding on the floor in waste-paper baskets—all at once.

Ballet dancers attired in the most elegant costumes of satin and celanese played rugby with a basketball. Then came the highlight of the evening, when the new members of the staff appeared, dressed smartly in the regulation School uniform. Led by their P.T. teacher, who bore a striking (?) resemblance to our Miss Faraday, they were given a brisk lesson on the "co-ordination of mind and muscle." Continual interruptions were caused by the persistent thumb-sucking, dropping of dolls, and cooing of some of the "little girls."

Then terror struck the hearts of all when two citizens, obviously of the "Cave Man Age," burst into the room, scantily dressed in their leopard skins only. We were about to witness one of the most fascinating courtships, consisting of a wild chase about the room, as the wooer flourished his love token—a club—towards his future wife, who accepted him with shrieks. These were the main items of the programme.

Finally the weary initiates were allowed to retire in order to make themselves look more presentable. They then joined the old girls in an evening of dancing and games. We wish to thank Miss Jackson, who provided music for the happy evening, which closed at 10.15 with the traditional singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

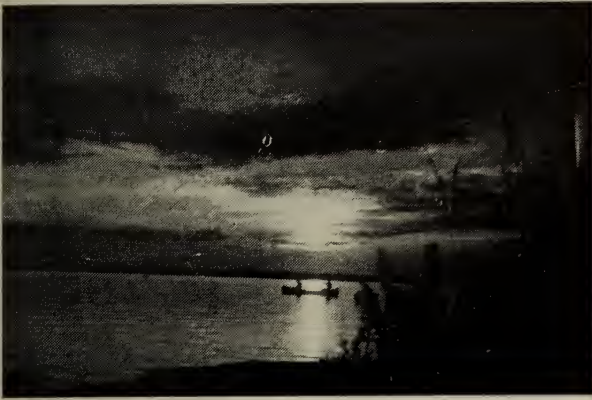
EVELYN LAWRENCE.
THORA SCANLAN.



Photography Competition

•••••

We wish to express our thanks to Dr. Leach for so kindly judging our Competition at very short notice. The three best landscape photographs are printed below, and also Dr. Leach's comments.



First Place—Taken by Gladys McNair.

"This is a print of a very simple subject which is often difficult to make into a satisfactory picture. The mass of foam on the right is just about in the correct position to give good composition, and holds the eye in the picture very well—it is also nicely balanced by the boat on the left."



Second Place—Taken by Janet Knowler.



Third Place—Taken by Joanne Ruttan.

"This sunset print is, I think, quite the best entry. The position of the boat is very good; this and the mass of vegetation on the right make it more interesting than the average photograph of this type. It would, however, be definitely improved if a quarter of an inch were cut off the right hand side, and of course it should be printed so that the horizon is level."

"In this print the arrangement of the three mountains forms a nice rhythmic group from left to right. The reflections in the water give a good balance to the interesting sky-line, and the faint clouds relieve what would otherwise have been an uninteresting sky."

CANDID CAMERA SHOTS



1. Nature Study.

2. Mm-mmm.

3. Hungry?

4. Something's Wrong.

5. Sports Captain.

6. Contentment.

7. The Thinker.

8. Chemistry.

9. Cold?

10. ??

11. Happy-Go-Lucky.

12. Three Musketeers.

13. Grade XI Spirit.

14. Typical Grade VIII.

15. Complacency.

16. A Grade IX'er.

17. Annoyed Janet?

18. Deck Tennis.

19. Who Made This?

20. An Inquisitive Grade X.

21. Eating Again?

22. Conference.

23. Elusive.

24. Recess.

25. Free-For-All.

GRADE X. HOME ECONOMICS

ENTHUSIASTICALLY, and yet with some trepidation, eleven Grade X students embarked on the Home Economics Course this year. All healthy young people are, of course, gastronomes; hence the enthusiasm with which we took up this particular course. On the other hand, our efforts in the realm of cooking had to be tested gastronomically; hence our trepidation as to just how our efforts would turn out.

The vitamins were our first concern. Fortunately, our knowledge of the use of the alphabet is limited to an A, a couple of B's, a C and a D—then the minerals, Iron, Copper and Iodine; also the values of Calcium and Phosphorous in our daily diet. The practical lessons in cooking, however, were simply delightful. Sometimes our pastry would turn out light and flaky, and sometimes it must be confessed, it would turn out soggy and heavy. How truly remarkable it is that a slight variation in the quantities of the ingredients has such a deleterious effect.

The writer's piece de resistance was a recent attempt to make a so-called sausage

roll. In some unaccountable manner the result is best described by saying that the unfortunate sausage became embedded in a cylindrical pastry covering that would have served well as a miniature baseball bat. Nil desperandum. Better luck next time.

Rationing has made it difficult to procure all the necessary ingredients to permit our following the usual recipes in our practical cooking lessons, but the fact remains that we have enjoyed immensely our initial incursion into the science of Home Economics.

One of the highlights of the year was a visit to the Manitoba Sugar Company. Here we were able to study at first hand the various processes by which sugar is manufactured from the vegetable sugar beet. Unfortunately, however, the atmosphere was a little too highly scented for comfort—in fact, a gas mask might have helped a lot!

Our grateful and sincere thanks are due to our teacher, Mrs. Allgood.

PATRICIA LIGGINS.

GRADE XI. HOME ECONOMICS

“REMAIN at your tables except when you are going to the sewing machine; do not interrupt me when I am helping someone else, and if you avoid loud laughing and talking you may speak to the girls



—By Pat Cheshire

at your own table. Now, if any one of these rules is broken, you stop sewing and write out the rule fifty times.”

The clear, business-like voice of Mrs. Allgood, the Home Economics teacher, issued these orders, and now, apart from the occasional groan of a distracted soul, and the happy clanking of “Bumping Bessie,” our dear old treadle machine,

silence is securely enthroned in the sewing room.

The hum of the electric sewing-machine directs our attention to Elizabeth Gemmill, who is casually whipping together a gray wool pleated skirt. A brown and white striped pinafore recently materialized under the deft fingers of our No. 1 seamstress, who is now planning to construct a honey-coloured wool skirt.

Slower progress is being made in another part of the room, where a brown beige and red wool skirt refuses to go around the anxiously squirming body of Phyllis Petrie. From the difficulties into which this good sewer occasionally got, in making her red checked pinafore, only Mrs. Allgood could extricate her.

Bunny Dower has managed to remain calm in the face of difficulties, and as a result has made a charming dark brown wool jumper, and is now starting a green silk rayon blouse. Olive Nolman, who works alongside Bunny, despondently assured us during the first term that her efforts would produce only an old sack, but instead a well-made dress of a lovely bright red emerged; so now we have no doubt as to the outcome of a pleated rose wool skirt which she has begun.

Equipped with some blue plaid woollen material and her mother's best steel scis-

sors, Margaret Spafford worked diligently during the first term, and produced a very sweet pinafore. In spite of the fact that the ruffles, when attached, nearly swamped our five-foot seamstress, the finished article was very charming, and we wish Margaret good success with her rose wool skirt.

Sunk in apathy over what she imagines to be her inability to sew, Sheila Smith may often be found flat on her back under the heaving wooden frame of "Bumping Bessie," joining wires together. She and Pat Chesshire cling obstinately to their beloved "Bessie," and refuse to have anything to do with the electric machine which the other girls use. Last term Sheila

made a red gingham pinafore, which, after surviving some crises, emerged triumphantly; while Pat fashioned a blue one which, despite all her efforts, kept bunching itself into a bustle at the back. Sheila is now making a pleated rose wool skirt which is developing with remarkable rapidity.

Our mistakes, which have provided considerable hilarity, have also taught us a great deal. This, coupled with the fact that Mrs. Allgood has survived the season without a single gray hair, indicates that we have had a very successful course. Thank you, Mrs. Allgood, for the forbearance you have shown this novice class.

PATRICIA CHESSHIRE.



GRADES I AND II

THE BEARS

ONE day we went to the City Park especially to see the bears. What fun we had that day! It was early spring, and the mother bear and her cub were out in the pit. There was a pool of water. Suddenly the little bear jumped into it. Mother Bruin quickly slapped him. He went crying into the den. We did not see the bears again that day.

YVONNE BIRCHER,
Grade II.

TABBY

ONE day our cat disappeared. We found her in the garage with three little kittens. One day mother went into the storeroom. She saw the trunk open. Mother shut the lid, and started to go away, when she heard Tabby scratching and meowing. She went back and opened the lid of the trunk. There she saw one of the kittens lying in the trunk, fast asleep. She picked up the kitten, took her to the garage, and said to Tabby, "The place for your kittens is in the garage, not in my trunk."

GLEN MURRAY,
Grade II.

MY PETS

I have a little dog with a curly tail;
He goes to meet the postman,
And carries home the mail.

I have a little bunny, her name is Fluff;
She is so soft and buzzy,
Just like a powder puff.

I have a little turtle whose name is Ted.
One day I could not find him;
He was underneath my bed.

I have a little kitten who caught a little
mouse;
She held it by the tail,
And ran around the house.

DIANA NANTON,
Grade III.

OUR DOG

WE have a nice dog at home. She is a Labrador Retriever. Her name is Salt. My brother named her Salt, after the Navy. He named her because she belongs mostly to him.

Every day when I come home from school, she is always waiting for me. Then I give her her dinner. But first I make her beg politely. After she has finished we have a good play until I have to go in to dinner.

Salty likes to chew the poms on my little red slippers. Although it is a little naughty, still I love her very much.

CATHERINE YOUNG (Grade III).

OUR STORE

ONE day Miss Eldred asked us if we would like to have a store in our classroom. We thought it would be lots of fun. We were all asked to bring as many things as we could, so we brought empty jelly packages, soap, cereal and cheese boxes. In fact, we brought as many things as we could to "sell". It did not take long to collect a great number of things, including empty butter cartons, tea, coffee and sugar bags.

Between us we could not imagine how we could have a store in our room. Then one morning we found that the carpenter had put up three long shelves. When we had had them painted, we had the fun of arranging the store. We all helped to find out the prices of the goods. Then price tags were placed under each article.

One of the Grade VIII girls made us a ration book, so we were able to "sell" rationed goods. We took turns being storekeeper. We tried to remember always to be polite and helpful to our customers. The storekeeper wrote on a bill the items bought, and had to be careful to



GRADES III AND IV
(Absent: Evelyn Werthenbach)

give the correct change from our toy money.

Everyone liked our store so much that we were all very sorry when it was taken down and put away.

DONNA SMITH (Grade IV).

OUR POST OFFICE

AT the end of January we planned to have a post office for Valentine's Day. This was going to be as exciting as our store had been.

The shelves which had been used for the store were now used for the post office. Everyone helped to do something. Pigeon-holes were made first. Then different stamps were made—two, three, and four cents, as well as air mail and special delivery. We made them from coloured paper, several helping to perforate them. We each went to the post office to buy stamps with toy money. Mrs. Wintemute made us a lovely wicket.

We had to be very careful to put the proper addresses and stamps on the letters. Then we sealed them and dropped

them in the mail box we had in our room. A postman came in his "truck", collected the letters and then took them to the post office, where the stamps were cancelled. The letters were put into the pigeon-holes. We took turns being the postman and the assistant.

How excited we were on Valentine's Day when each of us went to our pigeon hole and found a big fat bundle of mail!

PHYLLIS ERWIN (Grade IV).

OUR LIBRARY

WE are very fond of reading in Grades III and IV, so we decided to have a library. We took down the post office and used the same shelves for our books.

To form a library, each pupil brought some of her favourite books from home. When we had over one hundred we made a list of them. Each one was numbered, and an envelope for the library card, and a "Due" slip, were pasted in each book.

We have to take good care of the books and remember to return them when they are due. When we bring them back the



GRADES V AND VI

(Absent: Joan Everett, Mary Jane Sharpe, Patsy Taylor)

librarian stamps them with a rubber stamp. We all like to be the librarian.

Sometimes when we have finished our work we have a "Library Period," in which we enjoy reading quietly. We like this very much.

EVELYN WERTHENBACH,
(Grade IV).

MY BAD CHILDREN

I have a doll, her name is Mary.
I have another, his name is Harry.
They always like to play together,
And they seem as light as any feather.
But one day when I started to bake,
Each one thought it had a terrible ache,
So I took them both right up to bed
And examined stomach, chest and head.
Then I said, "No, no, you're not aching,
So I might as well get back to my baking."
But very soon through my toys they
tramped,
They made me angry and my foot I
stamped.
"Get back to your beds or else be good!"
They stared at each other and understood.

But next day they were very bad,
In fact, they were driving me almost mad;
So I sent them both right up to bed,
And for supper I gave them milk and bread.

From that time on they were very good,
Just like the time when they understood.
BULA PATERSON (Grade VI).

CONTRASTS

The birds are singing,
Echoes are ringing,
Through the summer day.
The trees are bright green,
The grass has a sheen,
In the month of May.

Snow lies on the ground,
Air is full of the sound
Of sleighbells on the sled.
The trees are bare,
And frost-filled air
Makes cheeks the brightest red.

JOANNA HOLLENBERG (Grade VI)



GRADE VII

(Absent: Donna Armstrong)

MY MOTHER

Have you ever seen my mother? She's a treat;
You couldn't find a nicer one on miles and miles of street.

And oh! she is so pretty, just as pretty as can be,
And no one is as good as my mother is to me.

Sometimes we seem like sisters—she's a dandy chum;
I know she'll always comfort me whenever troubles come.

We take long walks together, by meadow and by brook,
And in the winter evenings she reads to me a book.

LYNNE BEVAN (Grade VII).

We congratulate Grade VIII on their Magazine "The Silver Trumpet," and we hope that they will publish many more editions.



GRADE VIII

(Absent: Joy Bedson, Jane Mather, Lois Young)

OUR ENEMIES—THE INSECTS

ONE day I decided that I would like to go on a camping trip; my brothers had all gone on them, and so why shouldn't I? My brothers, when they returned, were always a bit tired, but this I thought was because of the exertion in paddling. When I asked my Mother, she (who is experienced in camping) most emphatically said "No," because there were no tents. My guest and I innocently suggested that we wouldn't mind sleeping with-

out one, and my Mother, much to our amazement, nearly fell over backwards. Then we discovered that our neighbors had two camping cots with covers and mosquito netting which looked like covered wagons. They were just as mosquito-proof, too. We showed these to our Mother and she consented to let us camp for two nights on the Point. My guest, Jennifer, and I got all the provisions prepared and packed them in the canoe, and set off on our long journey of approximately one hundred feet.

When we arrived we set up the cots. I, very foolishly, let Jennifer have the best one, while I had the one with bumps and holes in the netting. The cots were set close to each other so that we could talk. Soon Jennifer and I crept into them, she into her comfortable one and I into the very opposite.

About an hour later I looked into the next cot and Jennifer was fast asleep, with a contented expression on her face, and I was wide awake with a conglomeration of insects crawling over my face. I tossed and turned all night, not sleeping a wink, until six o'clock in the morning, when my insect friends decided to adjourn for breakfast (not that they hadn't been feasting on me all night). Up I got, and swallowing a quantity of hasty remarks, helped Jennifer prepare breakfast.

The same painful procedure followed the second night, only with twice as many insects. By the time the night was over, I was so tired I practically went to sleep despite the heat, cold, insects, and many other things. While Jennifer was telling my Mother about our delightful camping trip, I quietly retired to my room, took my book, "Insect Friends," and threw it through the window, forgetting to open it first. Then I lay down on my bed and went to sleep and dreamt of a new book, "Insect Enemies," for twenty-four hours.

MIRIAM BAKER (Grade VIII).

HOME

(Tied for Second Place, Junior Poem)

I love thinking in the night-time,
Of my home across the sea;
On that island, Isle of Britain,
That's where now I fain would be.

Dear old England, dear old homeland,
Land of sunshine, land of rain;
I am wishing, daily wishing,
That I'll see you once again.

Parsing: Kiss—Noun. Sometimes used as a conjunction; Seldom declined; More common than proper; Always plural; Never singular; Common gender; Agrees with me.

Natalie: Why did you stutter like that?

Daphne: Well, I caught my tongue behind my eyetooth and couldn't see what I was saying.

His partner was at the bedside, and the dying man said: "I've got a confession to make. Two years ago I faked the books and robbed the firm of \$10,000.00."

I remember, in my childhood,
Off to school I went alone.
Then I'd come back, glad and happy,
To the house I call my own.

I remember, by the fireplace,
I would sit on Mother's knee.
She would tell me fairy stories,
Stories made up just for me.

Oh! those days of glad remembrance,
Oh! those days I spent at home,
Far across the stormy ocean,
O'er the ocean wild with foam.

I am coming, dear old England,
I am coming e'er I die;
Let me rest myself upon you,
Then in peace, at last, I'll lie.

JOY TREDENICK (Grade VIII).

NATURE

(Tied for Second Place, Junior Poem)

Is there anything more perfect
Than a pure white lily flower,
That does lift its shining blossom
To the sunshine every hour?

Is there anything that is grander
Than a lofty mountain wall,
That does rear its rugged pillars
Like a giant, broad and tall?

Is there anything more lovely
Than a winter sunset's glows,
With the sky a flaming orange
And soft pink tints on the snows?

Is there anything more wondrous
Than a glittering waterfall,
That goes crashing down a mighty cliff
And sends its spray o'er all?

No, there's nothing that's more glorious
Than Great Nature on Display;
Let us stop and notice all these,
As we hurry on our way.

ROSEMARY WATKINS,
(Grade VIII).

"That's all right," said his partner, "I poisoned you."

Miss T.: What is the feminine of bachelor?

Nancy M.: Lady-in-waiting.

Why Teachers look that way:

Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

An adult is a man that has stopped growing at both ends but not in the middle.

We would like to congratulate the Grade IX Team on their successful participation in "Dollars for Scholars" on May 9th, 16th, 23rd and June 6th.



GRADE IX

THE GRADE IX MISCELLANEOUS CLUB

DUE to our study in Composition of "Running a Club," Miss Gordon suggested that we actually form one. After much discussion about the kind of club we should have, she also suggested that we call it a "Miscellaneous Club," and then we could include all types of work, from sports and tours to discussions and debates.

We decided to have our meetings on every Friday during our Composition periods, and the following officers were elected:

HONORARY PRESIDENTS Miss Gordon,
Miss Lovell
PRESIDENT Jill Page
VICE-PRESIDENT Diana Bedford
SECRETARY Pat McKnight
TREASURER Barbara Copeland

One of the main ideas of our Club was to learn proper Club procedure, and in our various discussions of fees, club pins and other matters, we learned how to make motions, amendments, resolutions, and so on.

In the second term, with Miss Lovell as our Honorary President, we went on an interesting tour to the CKY Broadcasting Studios.

Another tour to Picardy's was postponed, much to the disappointment of our many "sweet-toothed" members. In the future we plan to visit the Winnipeg Tribune, and it probably will be our last main event.

In one meeting some of the members told a chain story called "Underground," and unfortunately the bell rang before it could be finished. Another meeting took the form of a discussion on school hours, extra curricular work, and the amount of homework—the latter being much discussed.

One of our programmes, put on by some of the class, was a very amusing version of "Snow White and the Five Dwarfs." Betty Hurst took the part of Snow White, and Audrey Irwin was Prince Charming.

The Grade IX Miscellaneous Club has been well worth forming and has been enjoyable to us all, thanks to Miss Gordon's and Miss Lovell's fine help.

MARGARET KILLICK (Grade IX).



GRADE X

(Absent: Shelagh Fisher, Martha Grimble, Theo Jelly)

GRADE X

Miss Turner—"There'll never be another you."
 Betty Baker—"Oh, where! Oh, where, has my little Dog gone?"
 Natalie Bate—"Star Eyes."
 Elaine Bathie—"I'll get by."
 Jeanne Beatty—"Scatterbrain."
 Rae Durham—"How do I know it's real?"
 Shelagh Fisher—"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"
 Martha Grimble—"It's so peaceful in the Country."
 Daphne Goulding—"In the mood."
 Pat Gattey—"Breathless."
 Beth Johnson—"He's in the Army now."
 Theo. Jelly—"He wears a pair of Silver Wings."
 Janet Knowles—"You'd be so nice to come Home to."
 Pat Liggins—"She'll always remember."
 Jean McQuade—"Five-foot two, Eyes of Blue."
 Cynthia McDonald—"Happy-go-lucky."
 Nancy Martin—"A touch of Texas."
 Diana Page—"Till the Lights of London Shine Again."
 Nancy Pearce—"How long has this been going on?"

Mildred Parry—"Quiet, please!"
 Louise Pellenz—"That Man of Mine."
 Joan Smart—"Prince Charming."
 June Sinden—"I'll be around."
 Elspeth Thompson—"Speak Low."
 Elspeth Young—"I don't want to set the World on Fire."

JEAN MCQUADE (Grade X).

A MOTHER'S CONSOLATION

The wire came; she read the stilted words.
 This was not true—it could not be!
 Her only boy, so young, so gay, so reckless,
 Who only yesterday, it seemed,
 Had fallen from the maple tree, upset her pies,
 And come to ask advice about his girl.
 Then on the bitter, twisted turmoil of her mind,
 A ray of proudness broke like sunbeams on a stained glass pane:
 It was her son whom He had chosen this time,
 So other sons could live their lives in peace.

JUNE SINDEN (Grade X).

MY COUNTRY

(Second Place, Senior Poem)

Here a man is free in the clean air,
Free as the laughing gold of the prairies,
Strong as the Rockies' majestic peaks of
purple,

Young and unafraid as the virgin forests.

Here the land is vibrant with the touch
of God;

The western skies, splashed with fiery
sunsets;

The wide, blue lakes, sparkling in endless
miles;

The realm of Nature, lands unknown,
untrod.

Here the people come from many lands,
United by their love for common soil.
Their hearts are strong, like the mountains;
Their hearts are glad, like the prairies;
They are young and unafraid as the virgin
forests.

ELSPETH YOUNG (Grade X).

THE COMING OF NIGHT

Piet: "Turn my pillow, Mahri, wife;
the heat oppresses; it is hard to breathe.
Will coolness never come?"

Mahri: "The sun will set and then the
night will follow, with cool breezes and
rest."

Piet: "Ah, rest! I hear the tinsel rust-
ling and the tambourines. I'm weary of
this life—performance following perform-
ance—life is all an act. . . Oh, Mahri,
that pain! How it clutches! The heat—
when will come sleep?"

Mahri: "Hush, Piet. The big top's fill-
ing, the stars and spangles of the acro-
bats glitter in the sun, the elephants im-
patiently snort, and the popcorn sellers
pant around the stadium. Oh, Piet, this
circus life is great! I feel bound to its
excitement and glamour, a very part of
it!"

Piet: "Mahri, do you remember the
cool springs on the Witwatersrand, the
deep nights and brilliance of the stars—
real heavenly stars, not baubles on fancy
costumes? Summers on the high veld,
with Andres smoking on the stoep?
Smoke—ach—even the fire fumes choke
and catch my throat. There must be
water—"

Mahri: "Drink, Piet, and try to sleep.
The sun is lower and the shadows leng-
then. The 'top' is hushed, and Ida's just
gone in; her stunt must grip them all.
I hear the laughter of the pony girls, all
ready, waiting by the awning there—as
we have waited many, many times, with

powdered hands, trapeze shoes on our
feet . . ."

Piet: "That ridge of quartz behind the
Fontein—how cool to the back! And the
mossy tufts, so soft to the veld-shoen—
Ah, I would go back, back to the farm-
ing life, hard as it might be; those years
of the locusts, when the land was parch-
ed and the spring near dry—Ah, near as
dry as this throat that burns and needles
me—the water's far—I feel so weak—
oh! . . ."

Mahri: "Here, Piet, drink deep of the
water, for I must be gone for the final
parade. The sky is deepening, hushed
and rosy; coolness is coming to bring its
rest. Drink deep of the water—"

Piet: "Ay, deep of the water, as deep
as I've drunk of the waters of life. Dark-
ness is coming—my darkness is coming—
draw nearer me, Mahri, before you go.
My breath falls short—but I feel the cool
—there's peace—in its rest—the sun must
be setting—I, too, must go—"

Mahri: "Oh, Piet—"

Piet: "So sweet—the waters—so cool—
ah—"

Mahri: "My Piet!"

Mahri: "The circus is calling—the last
performance—life's but an act—an act—
my act—America calls me to finish my
act—"

RUTH STILES (Grade XII).

DES ETOILES DE LA NUIT

Les étoiles furtives,
Qui remplissent le ciel clarté,
Ont l'air de petites lumières
Luisant doucement;
De la nuit au point du jour
Ces petites pointes étincelantes
S'enflamment tout autour.

LES LAPINS

De bonne heure le matin,
Quand le soleil se réveille,
Voilà deux lapins
Aux longues oreilles.

Ils sautent dans les carottes,
Ils sautent dans les choux,
Ils mangent tous les légumes
Ils courent partout.

Au coucher du soleil,
A l'approche de la nuit:
Voilà deux lapins
Sauf dans leurs lits.

RUTH STILES (Grade XII).

SHORT STORY AND POETRY COMPETITIONS

OUR grateful thanks are due to Virginia Cameron, who again adjudicated our Short Story and Poetry Competitions. All four classes had sufficient numbers of entries to make worthwhile competitions, and we much regret that lack of space makes it impossible for us to print all the winning articles.

The following awards are made:

Junior Short Story

1. Betty Calvert: "Joan and the Poet."
2. Patricia McKnight: "Mitzi."

Senior Short Story

1. Sheila Smith: "His Hills."
2. Joan Sherman: "The Mercy of the World."

Junior Poem

1. Jill Page: "The England I Have Known."
2. Joy Tredennick: "Home."
Rosemary Watkins: "Nature."

Senior Poem

1. Ruth Stiles: "Birmingham Blackout."
2. Elspeth Young: "My Country."

JOAN AND THE POET

(First Prize, Junior Story)

JOAN! Joan! Where can that lazy slug-a-bed be? Joan!"

The next moment the door of the small attic room was flung open, and an irate-looking woman entered. She approached a rickety bed whereon was a mountain of tumbled bedclothes which stirred a trifle.

"You should have been up a good half hour ago," complained the woman. "Do you hear?"

"Aye, mistress," said Joan, yawning.

"Get up this instant! Heaven knows I've enough work to do without waking my servant girls every morning. Cook wants you in the kitchen, and when you have finished there, you can scrub the front steps. Are you listening, Joan Whythgaze?"

Joan gave a grunt and kept her head buried deep in the clothes until she heard the door slam. Jumping out of bed the next instant, she ran to the window, flung it open and looked out.

Sixteenth century London would not always seem to us a very desirable place to live in, but this morning it looked very beautiful. There had been a rain in the night, so the roofs glistened, and the puddles between the cobbles reflected bits of sky. A slight mist, which was rapidly diminishing, hung over the city, but it made London look almost ethereal in its

beauty. Then an all too realistic smell rose from the gutter, and with a sigh Joan closed her window.

Dressing was a problem easily solved. Joan flung the tattered nightgown over her head and threw it on the bed. Then she arrayed herself in a dark, plain dress and a coarse cap and apron. She poured some water into a cracked basin as an afterthought, soused her face with it, and then flung it out of the window. An enraged cry came from the street, and looking from the window again, she beheld a dripping and furious citizen who shook his fist at her. She was now ready to leave her small domain and depart into the kitchen, where she anticipated a stale bun for breakfast, and a box on the ears from the cook.

Joan had been working in the inn for only about three months. Master Baggs, the innkeeper, had literally picked her up from the gutter, and out of the kindness of his heart, given her the position of maid-of-all-work in his establishment. Mistress Baggs was a strict woman who worked her servants to death, but, Joan reflected, this life was better than living in the street.

That morning the cook was in a viler temper than usual. Soon Joan was scouring pots and washing dishes, endless mountains of them, it seemed to her. Next she took a bucket of water and started to scrub the front steps. They were made of white stone and required to be scrubbed every day, but Joan never minded this task, as it took her out-of-doors, away from the hustle and bustle of the kitchen, and the cook's scolding voice.

It was an unusually warm day, and Joan's scrub-brush moved less and less quickly over the smooth steps. The bees hummed in the delphiniums and the sun shone down upon her most unmercifully. She put down her brush. She would sit down and rest for just one minute, with her back against the wall. How comfortable she felt! Surely it would do no harm to close her eyes for the tiniest moment. A fly buzzed in her ear and she flipped it away impatiently, thinking that she really should be getting up. Her heavy eyes closed again, and she was asleep.

"Well, what have we here?" said a voice suddenly.

Joan gave a great start and sprang up, rubbing her eyes.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Have I been asleep?"

"So it appears," replied the man standing in front of her.

He was quite tall, and appeared to be about thirty years of age. He had heavy-lidded eyes, a high forehead, and now he was smiling such an odd, whimsical smile. Joan scrutinized him carefully, and then said abruptly:

"You look like a poet."

He laughed. "I am."

Joan nodded eagerly and said, "I knew it, because of that folio which you are carrying. All poets carry folios."

He only laughed again, and then he asked a surprising question. "Do you believe in fairies?"

Joan stared at him with her simple eyes.

"They abound in this beautiful garden," he continued. "They are in the delphiniums and foxgloves, but just a moment ago I saw one in a much queerer place."

Joan leaped to her feet, and her plain face was radiant.

"Where?" she cried.

"In your eyes," he answered.

Joan looked rather disappointed and puzzled.

"I don't think I understand you, sir."

"No," he said. "I guess I'm talking as a poet should."

This reminded Joan of his folio, and she asked:

"May I see some of your poetry?"

He looked at her with appreciation in his eyes, and taking several papers out of his folio, gave them to her. Joan hung her head.

"I—I don't know how to read, sir."

He obligingly read several short sonnets to her, and Joan listened carefully. She did not understand all of them, nor could she realize what wonderful material was in them.

"Do you like my poetry?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "I think it's very beautiful. Now, sir, will you tell me more about fairies?" she added wistfully.

He was just about to do this, when the front door was flung open. Joan sprang to her neglected bucket and began working with a will, but it was too late. Her mistress was upon her, and belabored her soundly with none too pleasant language. Joan waited patiently for the torrent of words to subside, and when Mistress Baggs had gone indoors again, looked around for her new friend, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly Betsy Leigh, the scullery maid, appeared around the corner with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Do you know who that was, Joan Whythgage?" she asked, folding her arms importantly. "None other than the actor,

Master Will Shakespeare. I saw him in a play the other day."

Joan put down her brush and stared at Betsy.

"Master Will Shakespeare," she repeated slowly. "I'm sure that some day he will be a very great man."

BETTY CALVERT (Grade IX).

(Comment: There is a quiet building-up to a climax in this story which is unusual in such a young writer. She sets her scene, the characters are interesting, the dialogue fits easily into the narrative and description, and the whole idea is neatly rounded. She has not tried to be sensational or dramatic, but has worked her theme in a balanced pattern. You feel she has made a simple incident into something to remember, and done this without exaggeration. She has a very good sense of style: it is very calm—like an understatement in its effect, and none the less striking.)

HIS HILLS

STILLNESS ran through the frosty night, giving the atmosphere an eerie sense of foreboding. Quietness had prevailed for the earlier part of the night, and now the heavens became freckled with many stars, and a large, brilliant Russian moon threw down its beams. The tiny village of Moutasi, cradled in the lap of surrounding hills, was bathed in alternate shadow and moonbeams. It was near the end of December, and there was a canopy of snow and ice covering everything.

The night was clear, with no sound except the far-off cry of a wolf calling to its mate. It was this sound which shook Thrashi from his trance. He had for some time been lying flat on his stomach along the ridge of a hill. With him was his band of Guerilla fighters, stretched out along the ridge, in the same position, waiting—waiting—waiting.

This small group of lion-hearted men, practically invisible, were all clad in coats and hoods of heavy white. They blended in with the snow, so that they became part of the scenery.

Thrashi had been lying there, thinking back on his happy life in the village. Existence had been so easy: going to school, working on his father's farm, and those happy meetings in the evenings of the young girls and boys. They would talk or play, sometimes in the village and occasionally in the hills—"his hills." He had always called them that, for he, more than anyone else, loved these hills with all his heart. He used to wander through them for hours—enjoying their peacefulness. But everything had changed. He

was still in "his hills," but he was playing a different game—one of life and death.

The night wore on, and still he and his companions lay motionless, without a word. His face was a mask of determination, yet his eyes betrayed all deeper feelings. They showed misery, that only a boy as he was, who had known so much suffering, and with a task before him as he had—could know. There was his beloved village of Moutasi, lying quiet and serene, yet within the next hour he must help destroy it. The Germans had used his village to store ammunition before being moved to the front. Last night a train-load of ammunition had arrived, and was to leave this morning for the front—it had to be stopped.

The village was made up of old men, women and children, with a few able-bodied people who had stayed in the village to help the inhabitants. One such person was a young Russian nurse, who had worked day and night to save the starved and diseased village. Her name—Lena. She was the girl Thrashi had always loved since childhood. She often got information to tell him—the latest being the arrival and departure of the ammunition trucks.

Thrashi, thinking it must be nearly time, glanced at the watch on his wrist, but it only brought back memories. He remembered how, as a little boy, he had stared in awe at his father's watch, but he no longer looked at it in admiration—it was with sorrow. Two weeks ago, in

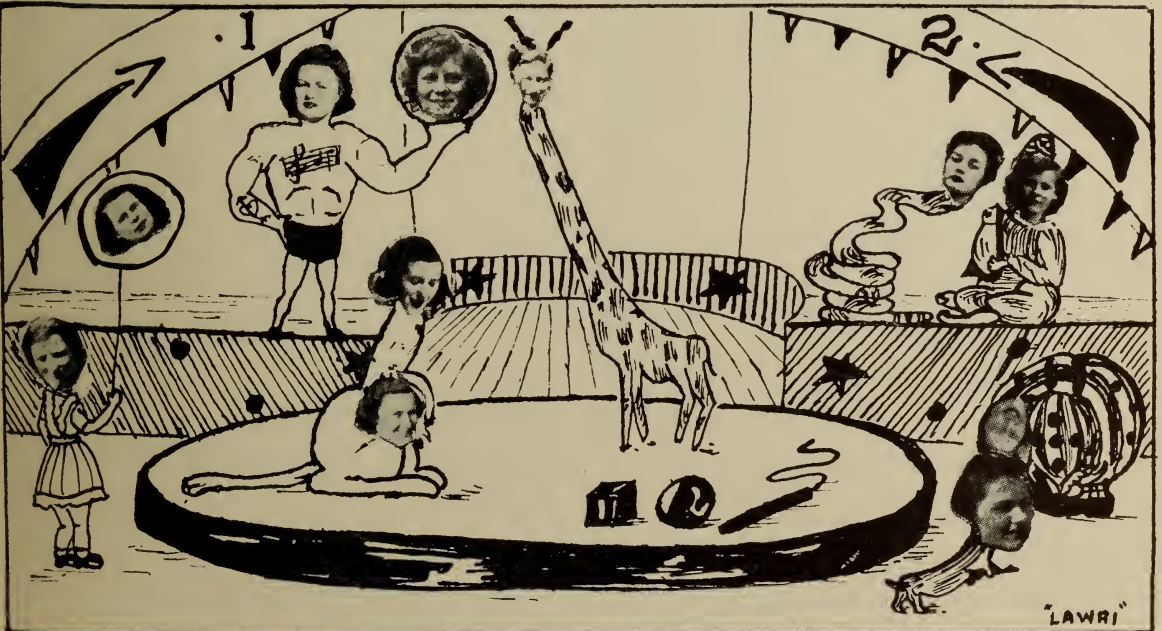
an attack on a railway station, his father, commanding the Guerillas, had been killed. The body had been brought back, and though it was unrecognizable, due to bullets, the watch had not been touched.

Thrashi was glad his mother would never see his father as he was that night. She was dead. Rather than reveal her husband's whereabouts, she died. With her, Nimiski, Thrashi's five-year-old brother, was shot.

Just then a long, low whistle stirred him out of his memories. In unison the little band began to half crawl, half slide down the snowy slope. Progress was slow; detection was simple. Finally the bottom of the hill was reached, and they found themselves behind some old cow barns on the outskirts of the village.

Plans had perilously been made for each man to take his own route, and within half an hour he was within accurate throwing distance of the village square, where the ammunition trucks stood. So with silent nods they departed.

Thrashi crept swiftly through the sleeping village, stopping now and then to listen, only to continue slipping quickly from house to house like a shadow moved by the wind. He had covered a little more than half the distance when he heard rapidly approaching steps. It was a German soldier, he knew by the sound of his boots on the ice-varnished sidewalk. Thrashi knew he had no time to hide, so he flattened himself against the wall in a shadow. The next minute the soldier



turned the corner, but before he could recover from the shock, two hands of steel closed around his neck. A few minutes later there was a dull thud, and Thrashi hauled the body into an alley and continued his journey. He came up from behind the village post-office, and lying flat, waited.

With two minutes left his heart leaped and he had violent chills. There, crossing the square, was a German officer and—Lena. He knew she was trying to obtain more information, but they were in the middle of the square. Just then he heard a long, low whistle, immediately followed by explosions. Thrashi saw Lena's body hurled through the air, then disappear in the smoke, fire and debris. In a sort of trance he threw his grenades and slowly stood up, then turned as if to run, but did not—he could not. Lena was dead. Lena, who laughed at everything; Lena, who had played with him as a boy, and later when they grew up had planned a future with him. Even after death and destruction had visited them and their village, they refused to believe their plans smashed. Now she was dead, and he had helped kill her.

Suddenly Thrashi felt a sharp pain stab at his head, then his side. He did a strange thing: he began to run, run as he had never run before in his life—yet he saw no reason. He ran up the slope and into the forest till he collapsed. Then he felt a hot, sticky substance on his face and body, and he knew it was from bullet wounds. He felt numb and knew that he was dying. He was still so young and afraid of dying. To die alone was what frightened him most. Then he realized he wasn't alone; he had come to "his hills" to die. That had been his reason for running in the first place. When everything seemed lost he still had "his hills". For a long time he lay motionless, staring up at the dark silver-sprinkled sky. Then suddenly he half sat up and gasped, "Lena, you have come," then collapsed back.

The cold dawn revealed the blood-soaked body of a lad, yet no compassion was needed here. On his face was a smile, a look of happiness, that had not been there for some time. He was back in "his hills".

SHEILA SMITH (Grade XI)

(Comment: The atmosphere of Russian hills, touched by the Germans and war and death, has been captured in this story. A sense of foreboding hangs over the hero, and the greyness never lifts. This consistency of mood is the strong point. It is really the story of one boy, and the other characters are merely shadowy

figures. The plot moves through description and reminiscing to fierce action and tragedy, and while there is no dialogue, it does not suffer from want of excitement. The writer has created enough interest in Thrashi to hold it together. The climax is excellent: death is not destruction but fulfilment, and this is a part of the whole theme.)

THE ENGLAND I HAVE KNOWN

I often sit and wonder when
We'll find ourselves at home again,
And all the things we've loved and known
Will greet us as we journey home.
The times we had in London Square,
Where we would stand, and talk, and
stare
When famous kings and queens rode by;
But now we dream and vainly try
To catch the wonder of it all:
Of Piccadilly and St. Paul.

The horse-back rides upon the moor,
Our weekly visits to the poor,
The golden sunsets in the west,
Are memories of the very best.
The Derby that was held in spring,
The happy Christmas gathering,
Exciting trips to Northern Wales,
But now all these are merely tales;
But soon the joys of peace will come,
And happiness for everyone.

JILL PAGE (Grade IX).

(Comment: This is a charming little poem, wistful and full of special memories. We see very clearly what England means to a schoolgirl, and that is what counts. Her rhyme scheme is simple and accurate—altogether a good piece of work.)

BIRMINGHAM BLACKOUT

Tonight, in the city at war,
It's calm.
Unlit lamps stand in rows in contempt
Of the uncontrolled stars.
"Go on,
Shine your light—not too far,
Just two feet in front; you may talk!"
But the night-walkers' whisper will never
grow louder.
For awe
Holds each vagrant in harness—
Know that darkness and silence go sliding
together;
Once they're parted, who knows what disaster
Will bear on the travellers who heed not
the shadows?
Up above them a monster limb creaks;
Then with laughter, "Just another balloon!"
The spell might be broken, but

Something creeps in to subdue the
attempter.

"Go on, mind your light, do not linger
Or the battery won't hold till you reach
The safe harbour
Of home!"

Yes, tonight, in the city at war,
It's calm;
But beneath the tranquillity
Strain from the tension will tell:
"Go on!"

Why the intake of breath as you glimpse
a loose shutter?

What fear is compelling your footsteps
to hasten

So fast?

But the night-walker's footsteps will ever
fall quicker,

And soon

Break into a stumbling run—

Know that speed fosters courage to check
the invader

Called fear.

A "mow" from below, as a furry black
shape

Slithers stealthily onward, adds

Speed to the fleeing—

Someone stumbles—a pause—

Then the rush must continue,
Right into the doorway
And home.

Yes, tonight in the city at war,
It's calm;
For the foe has been conquered
In many a household: the foe called the
Fear of Unknown.

RUTH STILES (Grade XII).

(Comment: This young writer has an instinctive feeling for the right phrase to express her mood. More than that, she creates a sense of reality. The picture of a blackout is a difficult one to draw, and she has used an emotion—fear—to heighten the atmosphere. She has more restraint and maturity than she had last year. The whole idea sweeps on without an awkward pause, broken only by such fine lines as: "Unlit lamps stand in rows, in contempt Of the uncontrolled stars."

The ending might have been better handled. It is almost an anti-climax, like the typical "happy ending," but altogether it is a well-devised poem and deserving of first place.)

FAREWELLS

FAREWELLS

WE are very sorry to have to say goodbye to several members of the Staff who are leaving us, either due to circumstances of the war, or in order to take up work elsewhere.

Mrs. Allgood has made many friends during the one year that she has been with us, teaching sewing in Grades VII and VIII and Home Economics in Grades X and XI. The interest that has been taken in cooking and needlework has been largely due to her enthusiasm, and we much regret that, owing to the fact that she expects to be leaving Winnipeg soon, she has to say goodbye to us.

We were very sorry to lose Mrs. Stevenson and her two children, Shirley and Belinda, but for their sakes were happy that they had the opportunity to return to England. As house manager and dietitian Mrs. Stevenson looked after our wants most capably for a year and a half; we shall not soon forget her, and hope that, back in her own home once more, she will often think of us.

For the same reason we shall be saying goodbye to Mrs. Reid who has been our kind and efficient matron during the past year. Mrs. Reid hopes to return to England with Jeremy and Susan before long;

when she does leave Winnipeg she will leave behind many warm friends.

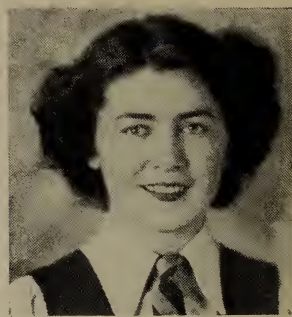
For five years Miss Jackson has taught piano at R.L.S., during which time she has built up a big class of students whose many successes in the London, Toronto and Manitoba examinations have proved the excellence of her teaching. Miss Jackson has decided to live with her family in Vancouver, and while feeling very sorry indeed to lose her after such happy associations, we wish her every success in the future.

Lastly we say goodbye to Miss Bussell who has been a member of the Staff for twelve and a half years, and who consequently is very closely connected with the school. As form teacher of Grade XI, teacher of French throughout the school and President of Jones House, Miss Bussell has known many Rupert's Land girls, all of whom, past and present, will miss her greatly. She has been a member of the Committee for the revision of the French curriculum, and has always been keenly interested in the study of modern languages. Miss Bussell is going to live in the east where we hope she will be very happy; we feel sure that her many friends in Winnipeg have such a strong hold on her affections that she will often return to visit us.

GRADE XI



JOYCE AITKEN



JOAN ARNOLD

NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
JOYCE AITKEN	A Brain and a Sparkling Smile	Prefect of Dalton House and Member of First Basketball Team	"Oh, I See!"
JOAN ARNOLD	The Ability To Listen Attentively and Concentrate	Her Brains and Ready Aid to the Less Fortunate	"Oh, No!"
JACQUELINE BEND	Lovely Long Black Eyelashes	Her Rare Ability to do Algebra (Correctly, that is)	"Well, That's What I Heard"
AMY BEST	Brains Enveloped in a Heart-shaped Face	Prefect of Dalton House and Member of First Basketball Team	"Who's Kidding Who?"
NANCY BRIDGETT	Georgous Blond Hair and a Rare Sense of Humour	Being in the Wrong Places at the Wrong Times	"Let's Ring for a Second Helping"
ELEANOR CANN	A Nice Figure and Nice Brown Eyes	Good Sportsmanship	"Oh, You Kids!"
PATRICIA CHESSHIRE	Good Common Sense	House-Captain of Machray and Captain of Second Basketball Team	"Life Can't Go On!" (But it does)
BUNNY DOWER	Naturally Curly Hair	5'2½" of Sunshine	"What Have I Done Now?"

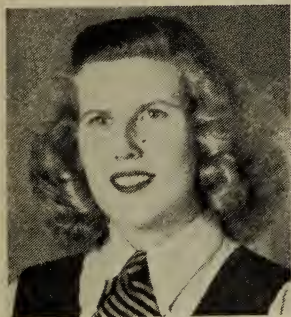


JACQUELINE BEND

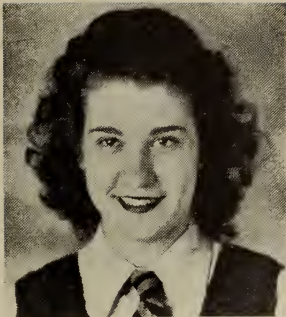


AMY BEST

GRADUATES



NANCY BRIDGETT



ELEANORA CANN

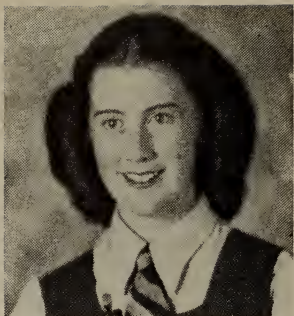
IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Writing a Composition	Tennis and Reading	It Certainly Isn't Frank Sinatra	Social Service Work	Grade XII and Then a Science Course at University
Mending a Flat Tire on Her Bicycle	Stamp Collecting	Gene Kelly	To Travel Around the World	University
Arising at 7 O'Clock Every Morning	Eating Crackers in Bed	Lil Abner	To Live in England After the War	To Take Grade XII Next Year
Jokes That Might Lower Morale	Reading All the Books in the Public Library	David Livingstone	To Find Someone Who Does Her OWN Homework	To Return for Grade XII
Diet	Sleeping in School	"The Thin Man"	To Lose Twenty Pounds	To Return to "Rupe" and Take Grade XII
Physics	Arguing About Politics	Dennis Morgan	To Be an Air Stewardess	To Train for a Nurse Next Year
Another Machray House Detention	Day Dreaming	"Little Iodine"	To Make a Parachute Jump	University Arts Course
Fish and Beets	That's a Secret!!	Glenn Miller	To Marry a Millionaire and Donate an Escalator to "Rupe"	Grade XII and then a Home Economics Course at University



PATRICIA CHESHIRE



BUNNY DOWER

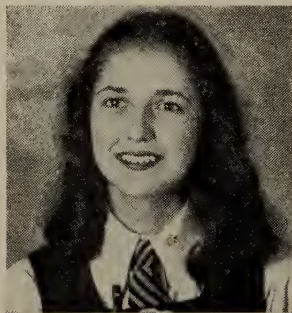


ELIZABETH GEMMILL



DOREEN GIBSON

NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
ELIZABETH GEMMILL	Beautiful Auburn Hair	Prefect of Machray House	"Don't Be Silly!"
DOREEN GIBSON	Blonde Hair and a Small Figure	Member of the Second Basketball Team	"My Foot!"
PATRICIA GLADSTONE	Personality Plus and Gorgeous Brown Eyes	Prefect of Jones House and Captain of Third Basketball Team	"Censored!"
JOYCE LAMONT	Flaming Red Hair and Mischievous Green Eyes	Prefect of Matheson House	"Please Lend Me a Quarter"
GLADYS McNAIR	The Ability To Play the Piano Well	Being One of the Shortest Members of Our Class	"So Help Me!"
EVELYN MURRAY	The Ability to Remain Calm Under the Most Exasperating Circumstances	Her 5'9" of Excellent Defence on the First Basketball Team	"You Lie Like a Sidewalk"
OLIVE NOLMAN	Fair Hair and Sparkling Blue Eyes	Class Pessimist	"I Can't"
PHYLLIS PETRIE	A Lovely Singing Voice	Her Good Sense of Humour	"That's a Laugh!"



PATRICIA GLADSTONE



JOYCE LAMONT

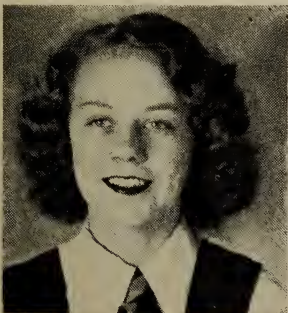


GLADYS McNAIR



EVELYN MURRAY

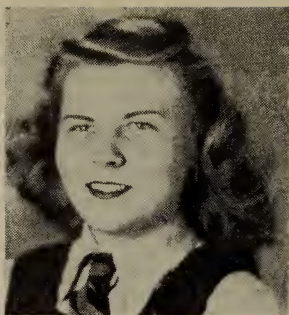
IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Being Called "Lizzie"	Teeing Off at Victoria Beach	Bob Hope	To Visit Australia	University Home Economics Course
Being the Victim of Trouble-making Pranks	Long Bicycle Rides	Dennis Morgan	To Visit Kentucky, the Southern States, and Central America	Business College
Algebra (We understand Patty)	Forgetting	Sydney Carton	To Throw an Egg Into a Electric Fan	University
Open Windows	Butterscotch Sundaes	Lamont Cranston (The Shadow)	To Continue With Her Skating	University Interior Decorating Course
Studying French Longer than Five Minutes	Playing the Piano	Nelson Eddie	To Obtain an A.T.C.M.	Business College
Work of Any Kind	Long Telephone Conversations About Nothing	Mickey Mouse	To Enter the Medical Profession	Who Can Tell?
Report Card	Curling Her Hair	Clark Gable	To Get 85% in Latin	Business Course in the City
The Dentist	Describing Humorous Incidents	John Carrol	To Be a Stage Actress and Live in a Glass House	To Take Grade XII



OLIVE NOLMAN



PHYLLIS PETRIE



JOANNE RUTTAN



JOAN SHERMAN

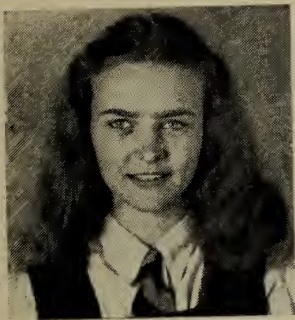
NAME	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
JOANNE RUTTAN	Lovely Golden Blonde Hair and Green Eyes	Prefect of Machray House	"That's Dapper!"
JOAN SHERMAN	A Happy Go-Lucky Nature and Contagious Laugh	Prefect of Matheson House	"Life is Hard!"
SHEILA SMITH	Twinkling Blue Eyes and Naturally Curly Hair	School Sport's Captain and Captain of First Basketball Team	"I Don't Get It!"
MARGARET SPAFFORD	A Cute Smile	House-Captain of Matheson and Petite Member of Grade XI	"Terrif."

GRADE XII

NAME	KNOWN AS	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
JOYCE BRANDY	"Joy"	A Cheerful Personality	Her Infectious Laugh	"Good O' "
GERTRUDE ELAND	"Gert"	Steadfastness	Head Girl	"Oh My Goodness!"



JOYCE BRANDY



SHEILA SMITH



MARGARET SPAFFORD

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	IDOL	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Latin	Enjoying Other People's Company (Such as?)	Lana Turner	To Travel and See How the Other Half Lives	Is There Any Future?
Being Ordered Around by Gladstone!	Skiing	Bing Crosby	To Find a Mountain (Joan arrived from Alberta last year)	University
Thinking	Eating	Tarzan	To Do the Right Thing at the Right Time	To Continue with Her Skating
Sitting in School for More Than Fifteen Minutes	Sleeping	"Derek" (Need we say more?)	To Fly	Flying Lessons and a Business Course

GRADUATES

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
No Nephews	Eating	To Go to Toronto	Who Knows!
Dalton House Detentions	Playing the Piano	To Find a Book "Making Maths Easy"	Radio Course



GERTRUDE ELAND



SHIRLEY HUTCHISON



JOYCE LALLY

NAME	KNOWN AS	BLESSED WITH	NOTED FOR	FAVOURITE EXPRESSION
SHIRLEY HUTCHISON	"Hutch"	Integrity	Counteracting Grade XII's Untidiness	"Oh Isn't This Awful?"
JOYCE LALLY	That "Lally" Woman	A Smile for All	Class President of Grade XII	"What'll We Do for the Red Cross?"
EVELYN LAWRENCE	"Lawri"	Wim Wigor and Wit	Harmonizing with Meda	"Oh for Goodness Sake!"
DIANA McDOUGALL	"Di"	Carefree Nature	Jones House Captain	Oh I Never Thought of It"
MEDA McLEAN	"McLean"	Good Fellowship	Her Definite Talent for Music	"Tomorrow I Go on a Diet"
JEAN ROBISON	"Blondie"	Congenial Spirit	Jones House Prefect	"Oh My Shattered Nerves"
THORA SCANLAN	"Liz" Short for Lizard	Humanitarianism	Her Ear for Music	"Oh Crumb"
RUTH STILES	"Rufus"	Skilfulness Alike with Tongue and Pen	Doodling During Classes	"But Why, Miss Speers?"



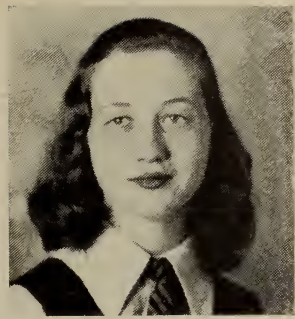
MEDA McLEAN



JEAN ROBISON

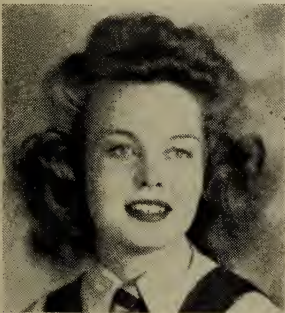


EVELYN LAWRENCE

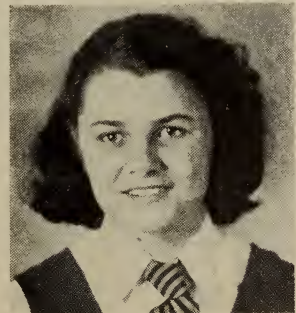


DIANA McDUGALL

IDEA OF MISERY	FAVOURITE PASTIME	MAIN AMBITION	FUTURE PLANS
Freckles	Mailing Letters at Noon	To Travel	Business Course
Getting Grade XII to Pay Debts	Singing "Elmer's Tune"	To Find an Easy Way Through French	Home Economics at U' of M'
No Letters (From Home?)	Trouble Trouble! !	To Find a Soft Way to Ski	Interior Decorating at "U of M"
No Ice-Cream	Blood Curdling Movies	To See the World	To Join R.C.A.F. W.D. (But Oh! Those Sub-Looeys! !)
Gaining Pounds	Talking on Phone	To Swap Figures with Diana	Music Teacher
No Tomatoes	Playing Badminton	To See Bonnie Scotland	Physiotherapy at Toronto
Rising Before 7.27 a.m.	Seeing Horror Pictures	To Convert the World Into a Snake Sanctuary	Air Stewardess
To Be Confined in a Clean Room with everything Glued in Place	Anything Extraordinary	To Write and Illustrate Books	To Go Home to Birmingham, England and Maybe University



THORA SCANLAN



RUTH STILES

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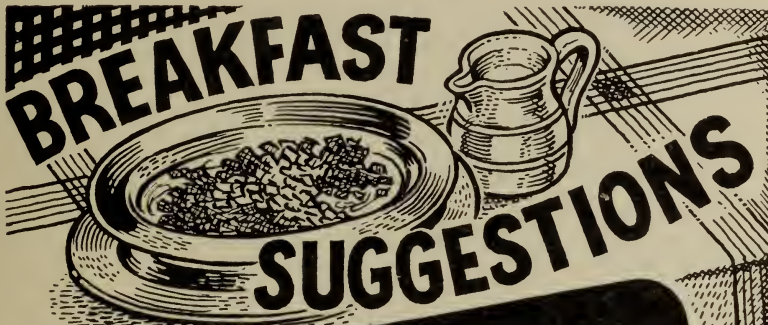

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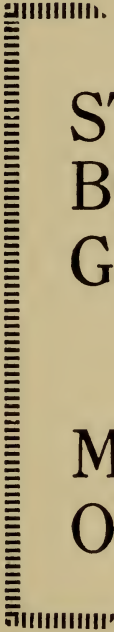


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